

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

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♩ = 72

A poor way - far - ing Man of grief Hath of - ten crossed — me on my
 2. Once, when my scan ty meal was spread, He en - tered; not a word he
 3. I spied him where a Foun - tain burst, Clear from the rock; — his strengthen was
 4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew, A win - ter hur - ri - cane a -

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way, Who sued so hum - bly for re - lief that I could nev - er an - swer, Nay, I —
 spake, Just per ish ing for want of bread. I gave him all; he bles sed it break, And
 gone. The heed - less wa - ter mocked his thirst; He heard it, saw it hur - rying — on. I
 loof. I heard his voice - a - broad and flew To bid him wel - come to my roof. I

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had not power — to ask his name, Where - to he went, or whence he came; Yet
 ate, but gave me part a gain. Mine was an gel's por tion then, For
 ran and rais - ed the suff - er up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped
 warmed and clo - thed cheered - my guest And laid him on my couch to rest, Then

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there was some - thing in his eye That won my love I knew — not why.
 while I fed with ea gar haste. The crust was man na to my taste.
 and re - turned it run - ning o' ver; I drank and nev - er thir - sted more.
 made the earth - my bed and seemed In Eden - 's gar - den while — I dreamed.

5. Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side.
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment he was healed.
 I had myself a wound concealed,
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

6. In pris'n I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn.
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die.
 The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill,
 But my free spirit cried, "I will!"

7. Then in a moment to my view
 The stranger started from disguise.
 The tokens in his hands I knew;
 The Savior stood before mine eyes.
 He spake, and my poor name he named,
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed.
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me.